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AMERICANS who are discouraged by the reception in Germany of the President's reply to the Papal note should not forget the obvious explanation of the prevailing German attitude. The reply concealed the offer of liberal terms, to be reached in conference among nations whose armies were undefeated and based on a few jointly accepted fundamental principles, under a bellicose indictment of the German government and a firm demand as a condition of the conference for a more trustworthy conferee. Its object was to present two alternatives to German public opinion: On the one hand, a war of attrition which would end in a treaty of peace dictated by the victor and which would be won by the group of belligerents best capable of standing the ensuing moral and physical strain; on the other hand, a peace of reconcilation without military victory, which sought security for the future not by punishing and weakening the Central Powers, but by incorporating them in a world concert. The American press practically ignored the second alternative. It interpreted the note chiefly as a renewed defiance of the German nation, which rendered any peace negotiations impossible except with a whipped and suppliant enemy. Of course the "patriotic" press in Germany replied in kind, and sought to persuade their own readers of the truth of the popular intepretation. The indignation of the Pan-German press and of the Hamburg Chamber of Commerce is merely a retort to the vindictive recriminations of the corresponding journals and classes in this country and Great Britain. It is this faction in all the belligerent countries which is doing its best to prolong the war and to prevent the peace of reconciliation which the President's diplomacy is seeking to bring about and which alone has any chance of endurance.

DISCOUNTING the interpretation of the Pan-Germans, whose supremacy in German politics the President is seeking to undermine, the reception of the President's reply in Germany has not been discouraging. The more moderate German parties welcomed the door opened by the President's diplomacy for fruitful negotiation. Social Democratic opinion, as Vorwärts and Herr David express it, has accepted the latter part of the message as entirely in harmony with their own program. Herr David, indeed, goes so far as to demand a general election and to predict a striking victory for the advocates of parliamentary government. Herr Erzberger seems to have taken the note as a justification of the expressed purpose for which his party stands and to demand the immediate introduction of more responsible government. What course the German Foreign Office will adopt is still unknown. But the movement which ended in the resignation of Bethmann-Hollweg is far from dead; and the President's note quickens it into fresh and effective vigor. The question of a general election is important; but its significance would largely depend upon the way in which the issue was defined and the register upon which it was fought. The present electoral distribution favors immensely the Conservative party in Germany; and a real expres-

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sion of popular opinion would hardly be obtained without electoral reform. In any event there is no doubt about the essential fact. The President's message has penetrated to the conscience of German liberalism. If its adherents are incapable of accepting his assistance and of giving to the world some guaranties against the continued domination in Germany of the real criminals, the German people have not yet learned their lesson and the war can be prolonged with a clear conscience.

ONE of the most interesting matters of immediate speculation is the future course of the Pope and his method of meeting the situation created by Mr. Wilson's reply. But speculation can hardly begin until he has received the answers of the Central Powers. Should the governments of those countries merely renew the now impossible proposal of an immediate congress, without any preliminary definition of mutually acceptable conditions of negotiation, the Allies need not fear to assume responsibility for a continuation of the war. By so doing the imperial governments would only advertise their inability to understand the weakness of their own position and the strength of their adversaries. Thereafter their situation would be so vulnerable that if the German liberals were unable to take advantage of it, the attempt to secure assistance in Germany for an enduring peace would have to be temporarily abandoned. But if the imperial governments understand the test to which their autocratic control of foreign policy is being subjected, they may make supplementary proposals which will furnish the Pope with a good opportunity to continue the discussion, and perhaps to ask President Wilson to go more into details about the amount of responsibility to public opinion which will be required of the German government. In any event the Pope will, we may feel sure, persist in his agitation for peace. The Vatican is seeking first of all to arrange for a settlement of the war from which the Catholic Church will benefit, but if the war cannot be ended under Catholic leadership and if it is prolonged in spite of Catholic opposition, the Pope has another string to his bow. He will attempt to use the increase of its unpopularity in order to discredit secular as contrasted with ecclesiastical authority. His ulterior object is that of taking advantage for the benefit of the Catholic Church of the calamities brought upon the world largely by its defective political organization.

WHEN Americans come to look back upon their record during the war one of the incidents of which they will feel most ashamed is the treatment vouchsafed by the state governors and the newspapers to the proposed convention of the People's Peace Council. It has been incredibly and hopelessly intolerant. The persecution has bestowed upon the proposed convention an importance which it could never have obtained from its own inept proceedings if it had been allowed to assemble. This obvious aspect of the matter has been ably emphasized by Professor Arthur O. Lovejoy in a letter to the New York Tribune and it does not need elaboration here. But the worst aspect of this subjection of state governments to the spirit of mob rule is its falsification of the temper in which the American people are fighting this war. In his address to Congress on April 2nd last, President Wilson declared: "Just because we fight without rancor and without selfish object, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we should wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and fair play we profess to be fighting for." The American nation has not on the whole belied Mr. Wilson's prophetic boast. It is fighting with a singular absence of rancor and of the fever of war. But it takes from the politicians and newspapers an amount of misrepresentation of its own attitude which is both humiliating and discouraging.

THE Soukhomlinoff trial exposes the superficiality of the view that the Russian military collapse is in any considerable measure due to the vagaries of the revolution. Under the old régime the Russian army and the Russian people were so shamelessly and openly betrayed that nothing short of a miracle could have prevented their thorough demoralization. Ammunition was deliberately withheld from armies facing the enemy. Military plans were transmitted directly from headquarters to the enemy. The transportation system, inadequate at best, was allowed to wrack itself into uselessness. Hundreds of thousands of lives were thrown away. And the whole Russian people, after the first campaign, suspected the rottenness in high places that has since been exhibited before the world. After such a hideous experience of betrayal, what government, however competent, could restore straightway the foundations of discipline? Wiseacres at a safe distance are reiterating tediously that Russia will not have a real army until capital punishment is restored. Many other things are required to give Russia a real army, among them time—which the Allies can ill afford—to dispel the clouds of suspicion enveloping a military body whose fate in this war has been haunted by an endless succession of betrayals.

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THE fall of Riga is not an event of great military importance. For over a year Germany has been in a position to take Riga at any time she chose. What has restrained the Germans has been chiefly considerations of a political character. Would a further advance into Russian territory strengthen or weaken the forces of disintegration at work in Russia? We may conclude that Germany has now decided that another blow against Russia might inaugurate the counter-revolution. In the nature of the case, whatever parties are out of power in Russia will make political capital out of a new national defeat. It is at any rate conceivable that under the stimulus of German blows the monarchical party may gain courage to organize an attack upon the revolution. A restored Russian monarchy would mean everything to the German ruling class. It would take the wind out of the sails of the Allies' democratic propaganda. It would revive the old argument that military autocracy is necessary for the defense of the German people against an ambitious Russian monarchy. What confronts us now is not only the loss of Russia to the Allied cause, but the loss of Russia to democracy. The danger may be obviated, but only if some clear prospect of peace can be offered to revolutionary Russia. An indefinite prolongation of the war after its really essential ends have been attained will cost the western nations lives and treasure; it will cost Russia her hope of freedom.

WAR profits taxation in Great Britain amounts to eighty per cent. Under the bill pending in the Senate the taxes on war profits will hardly exceed thirty per cent on any profit actually realized, and in most instances the tax will be much less. It has been argued that three years were required to bring the British tax to its present level; therefore we should not impose correspondingly heavy taxes in our first year of war. As well argue that since it took two years for Great Britain to get conscription through, therefore we should have contented ourselves for another eighteen months with the results of volunteering. There is a valid reason for increasing burdens gradually upon such objects of taxation as articles of consumption, and even upon incomes. Heavy increases aggravate the evils of evasion. This reason does not apply to excess profits taxation. For the greater part of such profits fall to corporations whose accounts are subject to public examination. The reluctance of the Senate majority to tax excess profits adequately is difficult to explain. Do the Senators imagine that the spectacle of mushroom fortunes springing up everywhere in this time of national danger is agreeable to the great mass of the people, whose sons are being conscripted to fight the battles of democracy?

THE creation of an adjustment commission to deal with labor issues in shipyard work was probably hastened by threatened strikes on the Pacific Coast, actual strikes in the New York yards, and the need of beginning work at once on the erection of three great government fabricating plants. The agreement by which an adjustment committee was established, however, is much more than an emergency move for a temporary achievement. It insures in one essential industry the adoption of trade union wages and trade union standards of labor. It is a direct recognition of the principle of organized collective bargaining; for one member of the board of three is to be appointed by the president of the American Federation of Labor, and in local geographical districts the examiner for the workmen is to be chosen by " such international labor organizations as have members engaged in production or construction " in the shipyards. A premium is thus placed upon union membership. In the work of building cantonments there has for several months existed an agreement similar to this one, and there are equally good reasons why it should be extended to industries producing munitions and war supplies of every sort. Employers are apparently not to contest, at least while the war is being fought, the principle of a joint democratic control of essential industries.

The Prospect of German Democracy

NO graver issue has been defined in this war than the choice Mr. Wilson's answer to the Papal note has offered to the German people. At first sight, it appears that no nation can consciously hesitate between personal and democratic government. In fact, the situation is far more complex, even though it has been made precise by the revelation of the President's purpose. We have passed from the region of dubious speculation to territory not, perhaps, less debatable in essence, but more securely to be surveyed, where an estimate of possibilities may be attempted.

On the whole, it is astounding how little real knowledge we have as to the temper of the German people at this time beyond the seductive information of rhetoric. Upon the real problems we are bound to be hesitant, to suggest tendencies rather than to deal with them. We do not, for instance, know the effective strength of the Social Democrats. The real influences that center themselves about the challenging personality of Herr Erzberger are matters of strenuous debate. It is

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almost impossible to forecast what power can, in the last analysis, be exerted by the Conservative party. Yet it is upon the inherent potentialities of these questions that the answer to the Presidential note depends.

We may, at any rate, be sure that these are the forces, military considerations apart, which the German government will endeavor to estimate. Structurally, their edifice is in no danger. The Reichstag is little more than a body where questions may be raised; it may, as in the famous crisis of 1909, be willing to refuse credits to an unpopular minister, but there is not a tithe of evidence that such a pass has to-day been reached. The Bundesrath remains, as Bismarck foretold it would remain, the essential element in the German constitution. It is purely appointive in character. It is dependent upon the will of the monarch, and that will, as every observer has insisted, is a will that has become increasingly effective in the last ten years. The Bundesrath, moreover, has the power to settle administrative problems; and the natural inertia of a critical time renders that combination of executive and legislative power in a parliamentary sense irresistible. The recent attack on Bethmann-Hollweg had not, as its object, the elevation of Michaelis to power; that it did so result was evidence of how shadowlike the substantive influence of the Reichstag remains.

Indeed, parliamentary government, in the sense in which Englishmen and Frenchmen and Americans desire it, has been a hope of an unregenerate minority rather than the eager objective of the mass of the people. The Social Democrats want it; the Center wants it for specified and partly non-political purposes; the radicals want it; the National Liberals have a certain academic preference for its establishment. But, on the whole, the demand for it has found no widespread echoes. The present system has worked too well for radical change to be an effective election-cry. The inequitable electoral distribution, moreover, has given the Conservatives a predominance in the Chamber to which, in fact, they have no claim. The refusal of concessions in this matter, or, as recently, their dishonest offer at some future time, could not have been made if behind the advocates of a parliamentary régime there had been a closely-organized popular opinion. Before the war, at any rate, the question was in the main academic. It indicated certain changes which few Germans were, in the last resort, prepared to welcome wholeheartedly. The Kaiser would be transformed into a constitutional monarch. The Chancellor—it was the deepest fear in Bismarck's mind—would be a great party leader. The Bundesrath would become no more than a highly competent committee on legislative drafting. The reasons urged in defense of such gigantic changes were too academic to win general acceptance. The old system brought results. The military party stood firmly by it. The arresting personality of the Kaiser lent it all the glamour of his significant popularity. The skilful gift of administrative decentralization salved the tender conscience of localism. So that the campaign for the democratization of German institutions was scarcely raised to the dignity of a definite issue.

President Wilson's note has raised it to that dignity. It has raised it by taking advantage of the emphasis war has given to certain tendencies away from autocratic government. It has raised it by giving to the advocates of responsible parliamentarism a definite platform upon which to argue for definite hopes they can afford to raise. So viewed the whole orientation of the problem becomes altered. Academic arguments take on the character of tangible necessities.

For the performances of the German government in this war have not in any final sense been successful. A war of attrition they had never impressed upon the German consciousness. The immense losses the people may have borne with stoicism; but they have borne them as the price of results which have already become unattainable. We have passed, so far as the German people is concerned, from the assurance of victory to the promise that defeat can be so far staved off as to give reason for the expectation of a satisfactory peace. And it is exactly here that the President's note intervenes. For what it does is to give the assurance that no such peace can be obtained so long as the present German government retains power. It offers coöperation with a people which expresses its will through responsible institutions. It guarantees Germany against dismemberment and economic destruction if she will effect what many of her ablest thinkers have urged her to effect. It introduces, that is to say, the ground for important changes in German unity. It does not, it may well be, affect the reasonable unity of the people; but it suggests vital grounds for difference as to the methods by which that unity may be maintained.

Erzberger, Haase, Heine, Scheidemann—they are not the governors of Germany; but they represent an increasing tendency of German opinion to be dissatisfied with a system which virtually excludes them from power, whatever popular sanction their ideas may possess. All of them have urged that since autocratic government has failed to realize its pretentions the era has arrived for responsible government. All of them have ruthlessly exposed errors in policy, in administration, in purpose, of what we vaguely call Prussianism. They have brought about the fall of one Chancel-

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lor. They brought about his fall because he tried to mediate upon exactly this question of the source of authority—where there can be no mediation. They are attacking the present Chancellor for similar reasons. So long as he depends upon the irresponsible caprice of a monarch who has failed to satisfy aroused expectations they refuse to trust him. They direct their onslaught against the familiar weapons of the German autocracy—military domination, legislative inferiority, political censorship, governmental separation of control and popular demand. To urge that these are no more than academic gestures is widely to mistake the character of despotic government. The existence of antagonism breeds suspicion and suspicion is the mortal foe of autocracy.

And where, before, the opposition could merely chafe, it can now chafe with good reason. It can urge that the Allies have no desire, as their declared objects prove, to destroy German sovereignty. It can insist that there is now ground upon which an approach to peace can be made. All the evidence shows that the German people is war-weary. Its interest, that was once maintained by the hope of conquest, is now maintained by the fear of destruction. The opposition can demonstrate how baseless is that fear. It can insist that only through its domestic program does the road to peace lie straight. It can point out that with the entrance of America into the field—and its significance is dawning more clearly upon Germany—the Allies are bound to be more powerful than before, the attrition of war to be more thoroughgoing. It can assert that the legitimate ambitions of Germany will undergo no frustration if she makes her peace with the world. Few can doubt that the plea is a powerful one.

We ought not to minimize the antagonism that will be provoked to it. An irresponsible autocracy always germinates popular inertia. The army is a powerful weapon in its hands. High finance shows few signs of fruitful reasonableness. The personal prestige of the Emperor will be invoked once more. Yet the sands of time run against despotism. Austria is no longer the unthinking satellite of Berlin. The primrose path to Paris no longer lies invitingly open. Neutral assistance is being increasingly suppressed. The submarine campaign has passed its apogee. Disguise it as she will, Germany is coming to realize that she cannot set the perspective of the world. She has been invited to share in its reconstruction at the price of safeguarding the new dreams that are being born. A people which is growing ever more distrustful of its past cannot be so fantastically unintelligent as to mistake the possibilities implied in that offer.

The Next Step Toward Peace

THE Pan-Germanists and the irreconcilable militarists in the United States and the Allied countries are in agreement as to the effect, if not as to the spirit, of the President's reply to the Pope. America will discuss peace with a German government that is responsible to the German people. What Yankee effrontery, cry the Pan-Germanists. As if Germany could make the slightest change in her domestic institutions under foreign dictation. Plainly President Wilson intends to carry the war to the bitter end. What consummate diplomacy, cry the extreme militarists in the Allied countries. Germany will of course refuse to make any change in her constitution. The war will go on to the bitter end, with the result of eliminating Germany as a great Power, and the onus of the war's continuance is made to rest on Germany herself.

No graver misinterpretation of the President's purposes can be conceived. The condition he lays down as a preliminary to peace negotiations may be unprecedented as the world war itself is unprecedented. It is absurd to regard it as humiliating to the German people. We are willing to trust the German people to abstain from breaking the world's peace wantonly. They know what wars cost them. We are not willing to trust an intriguing military clique, surrounding an ambitious dynasty, who may gain power and prestige by war, however disastrous it may be to the people. We are not demanding a German revolution. We are not insisting upon the expulsion of the Hohenzollerns. We are not proselytizing for democracy. So far as purely domestic affairs are concerned, the Germans may preserve such remnants of feudalism and absolutism as seem good to them. But it is not a matter of purely domestic concern where the power of peace and war is lodged. This is a lesson that the whole world, including Germany, has learned in the last three years.

But suppose that Germany were ready to meet the condition laid down by the President—as she may be before many months have elapsed—could we assure her the generous terms of peace outlined in the President's reply? We do not desire punitive indemnities, nor the dismemberment of empires, nor the exclusion of any people from the benefits of world trade. But what do England, France, Italy and Japan desire? Will they subscribe to our renunciation of vengeance, or will they hold special claims of their own in reserve?

In laying down conditions upon which we are willing to discuss peace we are not merely seeking to define our own position. We are seeking to give moral support to those political forces in Germany that make for a realization of those conditions.

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We are willing to make peace with a German nation democratized as to its foreign affairs, and we wish to hasten the process of democratization in every practicable way. But can America alone offer to the democratic elements in German politics anything that will materially advance them in their striving for power? This does not appear probable.

If we rest our case with the President's declaration, the liberal leaders in Germany will remain under the political necessity of condemning its terms. We cannot conceive of their proposing: "Give us power, and we will give you peace, not with the world, but with the United States. We will give you security, not against the vengeance of France, England and Italy, but against that of the United States. We will give you equality of opportunity for trade and investment, not in the world at large, but in the United States." The German liberal leaders have no desire to make themselves ridiculous.

Can American initiative have exhausted itself with the President's reply? If we assume this, we admit that the net burden of the President's declaration is simply that the war must go on indefinitely. We admit that it will forever remain impossible to establish the good faith of our pacific protestations. It is clear that the President must be contemplating another step toward peace. And it is equally clear what that step is likely to be. Through diplomatic exchanges, or perhaps through an inter-Allied conference on war aims, it will no doubt be made known to the world whether or not the Allied Powers are ready to make peace with a democratized Germany upon terms in harmony with those implied in the President's reply.

It is frequently urged that an inter-Allied conference on war aims would be a dangerous expedient, because it might bring to the surface latent conflicts of interest among the several Allies, and thus impair their vigor of action against the common foe. But it is inconceivable that the responsible statesmen of any country have failed to take into account such conflicts of interest as may actually exist. Inter-Allied conflicts of interest must somehow be reconciled, either at the peace congress or at an earlier time; and it will be much easier to effect a reconciliation while common action against an undefeated enemy remains a vital necessity.

Such a conference, moreover, appears to offer the only hope for a satisfactory international organization to prevent future wars. The peace congress will be sufficiently occupied with national interests. Of necessity, it will include parties whose effort will be to sow dissension among the Allies. At the peace congress Austria-Hungary will naturally attempt to play off Serbia against Italy, Rumania against Russia. Germany will attempt to play off Russia against France, the United States against the European Allies. It is of great importance that the Allies enter the peace congress with their aims unified. From the point of view of the United States, it is of still greater importance that the Allies should enter the peace congress as an organized league, to which the Central Powers may be admitted if they are ready to give the requisite guaranties. Other nations expect to gain territory through boundary rectifications or colonial readjustments. We expect nothing but the creation of an international order under which all the nations may live in security. If we are to bear without murmuring the immense sacrifices that the prolongation of the war entails, we need early assurance that our allies accept our aspiration, not as a utopian dream, but as a practical end toward which it is worth while to strive.

Liberalism in the National Army

CONSCRIPTION has passed from debate into actuality. People everywhere find that they no longer deal with abstract enthusiasm about the war. They are face to face with the fundamental question of whether the issue is worth what it will cost in life and suffering. Never in the history of this country have so many citizens been at the same moment confronted by this stern reality. Our isolation has passed. We can no longer, as before the outbreak of war, be externally minded about the problems which vex the world. They have come into our homes. They demand our lives. They require the assumption of an attitude as to their implications.

Before our entrance into the war those most interested in its problems were the men educated to contact with general ideas. It is no longer true so to describe it. Conscription leaves the war no longer the war of the intellectuals, no longer even an intellectual war. It has become actual and it touches all of us. Not that it thereby releases the intellectual from his peculiar problems. They will be borne in upon him the more keenly as he finds himself a private in the national army. Often it will seem useless to him to be taken from what he regards as a sphere of greater usefulness, from the function of specialist, to that merging of the individual which military service demands. Why, he will ask, use men of ability to be shot when there are so many men good apparently for little else?

There is a field of service and of influence within the military organization that is not exclusively belligerent, but social and intellectual as well. The

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morality of a nation at war is the morality of its fighting arm. The two are indissolubly linked. Where the soldiers of Germany dishonored themselves, they brought shame upon the German nation as well. We of course know that our army has a different spirit. But it is yet our duty to make effective within the army the spirit that American ideals demand. Here it is that the intellectual has his special function. Here it is that no man, however expert in his walk of life, may belittle his task as conscript. For the maintenance of the American spirit in the army depends upon the presence in every grade and arm of the service of men of character and responsibility. It is the force of their personality which will set the standard of its action. What they do and feel and think, the army also will do and feel and think.

But they can do more than that. We are vitally concerned with the character of the ideas current in the national army. Its thought will set the current of our thought for the next generation. It is here important that liberals, as a whole, have not flocked to fight and liberals who do so may well shrink from the atmosphere they will find. For persons of another type, jingoistic, militaristic, will be at home there, and their illiberal ideas will find easier expression and circulation from their primitive character than the liberalism we so greatly need. The world cannot afford thus to have liberalism a noncombatant attitude. It must find its roots deep amongst our soldiers. The suggestibility of the camp, the march, the kinship that comes from work commonly pursued is its great opportunity. No man who regrets the exchange of civic influence for military position need regret it, if he will there work exactly as in his civil life. The eddies of his thought may spread less widely, but they will go the more swiftly. Nor will his influence end with the platoon. The groups that meet each other will form the opinion of the regiment and the regiment the opinion of the army. There is in reality here a magnificent opportunity for leadership. There is a chance to render effective service to the cause for which this war is fought which will endure long after peace has been made.

For when the fighting has been done, the soldiers will carry their ideals everywhere into civil life. They will carry them with all the effective power that comes from membership of a close-knit organization. They will have the prestige of active service in a war in which democracy believes, and prestige is the parent of power. We know what vicious use was made of that prestige by those who fought in the Civil War. It is inevitable that in this war also those who fight should mould the policy of this country and through it of the world. We cannot desire the result of our military endeavor to be habituation to militaristic ideas. The importance of emphasizing liberal policy is not less important than winning the war. It is, in fact, the atmosphere of victory. That is why it may be fatal to the attainment of our aims if those who have entered the war think of themselves merely as agents of physical combat. They are more than that. Their potential influence is so great that no one who goes to fight can be released from the duty of thought. The soldier of to-day is the more a citizen just because he is a soldier.

The New Status of Woman Suffrage

A THOROUGH preparation has been made by the women of New York for the state referendum on suffrage to be taken in November. The practical lessons of the election two years ago were closely studied by the able women who direct the New York State Woman Suffrage Party, and effective organization of sympathizers has been carried out all over the state in the intervening period. The petition for the vote signed by 993,152 women is significant evidence of one kind of zeal, and while party leaders are always confident for their cause, there is a good deal of responsible private assurance that the outlook is favorable for the proposed woman suffrage amendment.

Many advocates of suffrage rather regretted the New York referendum this year, and inclined to take it as interpolated by unfriendly politicians in the hope that it would certainly meet defeat. The history of quickly renewed efforts on the part of suffragists has been generally unfortunate. The organizers have tended in middle-western states to ask prematurely for the reconsideration of an unfavorable vote, and the second defeat has usually been worse than the first largely because the succeeding campaign has been undertaken on depleted resources. The declaration of war introduced another special factor into the New York situation. Supposing an affirmative vote on woman suffrage to be induced in many cases by the sowing of propaganda, the difficulty of arresting attention in wartime by anything so little sensational as " votes for women " disposed numerous adherents of the cause to wish the question withheld. No such conclusion has daunted the leading suffragists. They recognize the costs of a state campaign. They understand the uphill work that the war imposes. The ripeness of their cause, however, is so much more evident now than it was at the last election that they are anything but reluctant to see the issue joined.

The greatest factor in this improvement in the

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attitude toward woman suffrage is the immense revision in the status of European women brought about by the war. The fact that women are soon to vote in England, even though there is a compromise as to age, is not perhaps a direct argument in the mind of the average New York voter, but it has a great deal of indirect influence, particularly because it is a case of enfranchisement in time of war. Every American voter is perfectly aware of the political seriousness of the situation in England. The war means every danger and sacrifice to England except actual military invasion. The willingness of the House of Commons to expand the franchise at such time, and to include 6,000,000 untried female voters in the new franchise, is a demonstration to the cautious man in this country that other people beside American suffragists look on the step as expedient as well as just. The political status of woman in a new Russia affords no great reassurances to our conservative. It is part, indeed, of that high-minded experimentalism which makes him fear the worst for Russia. But confidence in English sanity and common sense abides with him, and the conversion of a man like Mr. Asquith in time of crisis has its indubitable effect.

This effect, marked as it was by the most explicit avowal of a new conviction on the part of Mr. Asquith, is healthily registered in many directions that the American voter cannot fail to observe. If he does not himself make the deductions that England, only recently lacerated by the suffragettes, proffers to him, he is at least admitted to the counsels of American leaders who have attended fully and frankly to the English change of front. "I hope that the voters of the State of New York will rally to the support of woman suffrage by a handsome majority. It would be a splendid vindication of the cause in which we all believe." So President Wilson writes to Mrs. Whitehouse of the New York State Suffrage Party. It is to President Wilson's credit that he undertakes at this hour in his administration to give every emphasis he commands to the endorsement of votes for women—in New York. It is awkward for him as a Democrat that "the cause in which we all believe" cannot command his effectual congressional endorsement, and that he does not feel he is in a position to spend the powder that a federal amendment might cost. But it is only necessary to estimate the annual increase in his attention to suffrage, and the new verve and freedom of his emphasis on it, to gauge its advance in popular consciousness. A cynical interpretation might be put on this change in Mr. Wilson. He might be regarded as veering toward suffrage in sheer obedience to the direction of the wind. His present ratification is much more truly a recognition, sincere if careful, that the time for so great an adventure in enfranchisement is now ripe. Even more significant from the standpoint of political psychology is the present advocacy of woman suffrage by Mayor Mitchel of New York. Mayor Mitchel is by no means an inherent or temperamental suffragist. He showed a certain impatience several years ago at being hustled into a declaration of his views. But the force of circumstances in countries put to the supreme test of citizenship has not been lost on Mayor Mitchel, and he was ready to appear at the recent campaign conference at Saratoga and bear testimony to his belief that New York women want the vote and should have it. The presence on the same platform of one long so indifferent to suffrage as President Schurman of Cornell, despite his keen interest in politics, is a further healthy indication of the rate at which light is traveling.

The wartime coöperation of English women with English men was surprising to a statesman as grey-haired as Mr. Asquith. His surprise dislodged the prejudice, the primitive sexual prejudice, that he had harbored and even consulted all during his public life. It is in some ways lamentable that such a belated illumination should have to be chronicled. Do men who believe in free institutions have to be taught such simple truths about women? The movement in England, in Russia, in Canada, shows that for us the lesson is more necessary than we care to admit. Woman suffrage remains to be debated and discussed in New York after it has become a commonplace in vast communities elsewhere. It is a pointed comment on the presumption that we are securely democratic. It is one of the traces of that political fustiness which may end by making the New World old while the Old World is being made new.

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The Background of Aggression

ONE query dominates all the serious discussion of any war settlement. It is this: "What assurance can we get that Germany has learned her lesson? Have the German idea and the German spirit, which have devastated four-fifths of Europe and carried frightfulness across the ocean, been chastened? If not, would peace be anything more than a terrible illusion, a mere truce, which, after a breathing space for military autocracy, would once more break down? Would disarmament, even, be sincere, or be relied upon with a nation that does not hold to its bond?"

The experience of mankind in dealing with the individual criminal may have some bearing on that question.

It marked an immense step forward in criminology—and consequently in public order and the possibility of more decent and humane feelings on the part of society towards some of its members—when we ceased to allow moral indignation to be the sole or main determinant of our attitude to crime, and began to ask, "What makes the criminal?" Those who asked that did not necessarily hate crime less than those who regarded the question as subversive and as tending to excuse the criminal. Incidentally, crime was often worst where the punishment was most ferocious, not because punishment necessarily fails as a deterrent, but because those who depended upon it were treating symptoms instead of getting at causes.

In international politics we seem only now to be emerging from this early stage, where the policy is guided by moral indignation expressed in plans of simple repression. Two years ago so able a man as the late Lord Cromer could write that it was useless to look into the causes of this war because the war had only one cause: the wickedness of Germans. He seemed to find it unnecessary to deal with the question, "What makes the Germans more wicked than other folk?" He implied that German foreign policy, with its self-regarding nationalism, was not the result of historical or political conditions, but of sheer original sin; and that the problem of internationalism resolved itself, not into changing the international condition of life, but into the subjugation and punishment of the German people.

One almost wishes that this were true. It would simplify things so much! But it is, alas, too simple. The notion that Providence endowed a certain conglomeration of races, living within certain artificial political borders, with so special a depravity that given conditions do not act upon them as upon other men, does rather too much violence to one's intuitive sense of probabilities. But if the "original sin" explanation is unsound, it follows that this wickedness, the menace of Prussianism, is historical, not racial, in its cause; that it is the result of conditions that must be altered if a permanent cure is to be obtained. It means further that if mere ferocity of punishment or repression failed to lessen the crimes of individuals within the state, it would be still less likely to succeed in the case of the "criminal nation."

In his book The League of Nations, Mr. Brailsford, approaching the problem in something of the spirit of the scientific criminologist, has shown very clearly—more clearly perhaps than has been shown by any other writer—the danger which threatens the whole device of a League of Nations as a solvent of international anarchy. On the side of the English and the Americans a League of Nations is conceived mainly as a means of coercing disturbers of the existing order. And they so conceive it because the existing order of the world, with the great undeveloped spaces in their possession and no historical grievances to redress, is for them, on the whole, a very satisfactory order. But to certain other peoples, and notably the peoples of the Central Empires, the mere crystallization of the existing order may represent nothing more than the confirmation of the privileges of triumphant force which they are entitled to upset by a "righteous rebellion" whenever the opportunity should present itself. Until we have taken more fully into account the weight of this consideration, and all that is implied in it, we shall fail to win the peoples of the Central Empires to real coöperation in lasting peace. So far, almost all the plans for the maintenance of peace, of Anglo-Saxon origin, are marked by the outstanding characteristic of early methods of maintaining peace within the state. The problem is conceived first and last as one of repression. Having drawn a new map, we are to see that respect for it is enforced by preponderant power. Such a conception, of course, implies, not only that the world as now organized internationally, or with such redistribution of territory as the Allies may enforce at the peace, with about the currently accepted principles of national rights, economic and political, is in itself just, but that it will remain so permanently.

The solution is not a matter of map drawing, but of modifying the rights which have heretofore attached to national sovereignty. M. Ribot says Alsace-Lorraine "belongs" to France; Bethmann-

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Hollweg that it "belongs" to Germany. But if we could imagine the provinces being handed over to France, and France exercising the rights of "proprietorship" hitherto recognized as belonging to national proprietorship, and shutting out Germany from access to the ore fields of Lorraine (thus depriving them of a necessary element of their economic welfare), we have merely created conditions morally certain to render impossible that form of the German spirit which we all admit to be indispensable to the destruction of German militarism and to the permanent peace of the world. On the other side, so long as Germany regards her sovereignty in Alsace as an absolute thing not to be limited by definite obligations to the peoples of those provinces and to the world, France will oppose any real reconciliation with Germany, and make our League of Nations a fiction. No mere manipulation of the map will save us from either horn of the dilemma.

The question Mr. Brailsford has set himself to answer is: "Under what political and economic conditions would the creation of a League of Nations be a hopeful venture?" Whatever the answer, it must include a very great change in our conception of national right and international obligation. The independence and sovereignty of states must no longer, for instance, include the right to block the necessary access of other states to the seas, or, in certain cases, to raw materials and markets. The whole question of sea law and belligerent rights must be approached from a new angle. There must be some means of change, even of frontiers, without war. A League to Enforce Peace that enforced the resolutions of the Paris Conference, sustained the right of one empire to make a preserve of its dependent undeveloped territories, of some small state to block the natural economic highway of a large one, would really be one group of nations maintaining by force special privileges as against another group excluded from them. It would merely be the old conflict of Alliance or Balance of Power in a new form.

Yet we are not ready for the very profound modification of political ideas touching national independence and sovereignty necessary to make a League of Nations workable, and consequently any settlement a very hopeful one. For the League of Nations must be an integral part of the settlement, if even on its territorial side it is to offer hopes of permanence. The prevailing conception of the League to Enforce Peace, even among supporters, is that of a piece of machinery to be brought into being after the war, not at all a part of the problem of the war itself and related to its conduct and conclusion. Yet, if it is not a reality to the extent of being a living policy with obvious chances of success, when we come to make peace the parties to the settlement will be concerned mainly to secure their own safety by preponderance and "strategic frontiers." And the necessary violation of national rights involved in that will condemn any subsequent League to failure. "The two questions," says Mr. Brailsford most truly, "must be solved as a whole. The settlement must be the preparation for any future Society of Nations. The stability and efficacy of a League of Nations depend not merely on the wise drafting of its constitution, but also on the solution reached in the war settlement of our problems of nationality, colonial expansion, international trade, sea power and alliances."

Any attempt to settle questions of nationality without taking into account the two dominant motives which determine the policy of the great Powers is bound to fail. Those two dominant motives are first security, and secondly vital economic interest. At present the great Powers have no security but their own strength, actual and potential. That compels them, not only, as already indicated, to violate the principle of nationality in order to secure strategic frontiers, but to add by annexation to their own forces human and material, and to weaken those of a possible enemy; while the economic motive pushes to the same violations in order that the possession of a given territory may secure freedom of economic movements to the sea, or access to raw materials or markets.

The danger of these violations is not confined to the Central Powers. The same considerations have stood for generations, and stand to-day, in the way not only of an independent Ireland, but of an Ireland having the same autonomy as a British self-governing colony. Mr. Brailsford notes some of the other Allied cases:

Italy, in order that she may have unchallenged naval control in the Adriatic and certain ports for commercial purposes, is claiming the larger part of Dalmatia, where the Italians are outnumbered more than ten to one. Thus, not only would Slovenes, Croats and Serbs be placed under the government of a tiny minority of aliens, but the retention of this country by an alien clique might shut out from free access to the sea more than fifty millions of Germans, Magyars and Slavs.

Take the cause of an independent Bohemia. One-third of its population would be Magyar or German—a far more important minority than that of Ulster which has so long helped to make the settlement of Ireland impossible; and in the case of Bohemia it would be complicated by the language question, which does not exist in Ireland. And whereas Ireland is at least open to the world by her ports, Bohemia is wedged in territorially be-

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tween her enemies, whose access to the sea her allies would be blocking.

Rumania in entering the war laid claims to Austrian territory which as a whole would contain as many Magyars and Germans as Rumanians. In the case of one district the Rumanians would be a tiny minority.

The Allies, in order to weaken Bulgaria, proposed to reconquer Macedonia for the Serbs, although the greater part of the country is emphatically and even fanatically Bulgarian by allegiance and choice, and although the Powers previously allotted the country to Bulgaria, and although the second Balkan war was due to Serbia's refusal to give effect to the European decision.

And these are but samples on the Allied side of the fence. If the Allies, who proclaim themselves to be fighting for nationality and the rights of all people to their own government, feel themselves justified on behalf of security in violating their own principles to that extent, what may we not expect from Germans and Austrians who do not emphasize that purpose? If the need for security justifies it, the Germans, who will be the weaker and more unpopular group, will be able to invoke it with very much greater force.

We are still as nations a very long way from the conception that our national independence must be limited by our international obligations. The old nationalist notion that there is something derogatory and unpatriotic in ceding any part of our national sovereignty or independence has still an almost fanatical strength. And we have no clear idea of just how far that sovereignty and independence must be ceded for the purpose of international organization for security. It is these two things mainly—the force of the old conceptions and the lack of any definiteness of a newer principle—which stand mainly, and will stand at the peace, in the way of settlement.

The disturbing fact in connection therewith is that these changes in conception and principle cannot be made by the public opinion of a great country from one day to another. Coming to the settlement dominated by the old notions of international law, independence, sovereignty, it would tend to compel the rejection of new and strange principles.

The only way to break down the strangeness which at the crucial moment may cause new principles to be misunderstood and misinterpreted is to ensure their thorough discussion beforehand. But upon that discussion there has been placed an almost official ban. By some sort of miracle the democracies are to be fitted to face entirely new conditions and apply new policies, with no preparation whatever, without that discussion which is the chief means of political education. Even certain peace organizations, whose purpose is to prepare the world for the difficult problems of internationalism, have laid down the strange doctrine that these matters should not be studied by the mass at all just now. They may be studied when the damage is done, when, hurried at some juncture into a rapid settlement, mankind may find itself committed to decisions which, as Mr. Lloyd George said the other day, may bind them for generations, but which may well defeat the objects for which the war is being fought.

NORMAN ANGELL.

Lorraine, Coal and Iron

IN 1871 Bismarck demanded for Germany all those parts of Alsace-Lorraine in which remnants of the German language were still preserved. Thus he added to the new German Empire all of Alsace and the larger part of Lorraine. He also gave Germany an economic opportunity, which she seized.

Since 1871 the economic development of Alsace has not been very different from that of other Central European districts that have a mixed agricultural and industrial population. The economic development of northern Lorraine has on the other hand been prodigious and exceptional. Thirty years ago this region was a country living upon agriculture and small industries. By 1914 it was a center of iron mining. It had become economically one of the most valuable parts of Europe. The richest European iron ore and coal deposits begin in southern Belgium, extend through Rhenish Westphalia, northeastern France and Luxemburg, and end in the northwest corner of Lorraine. Iron is especially abundant in this corner of Lorraine, in Luxemburg and in two French departments, Meurthe-et-Moselle and Meuse.

Before the cession of Alsace-Lorraine to Germany iron had been mined in this district. Not until after that event, however, did those discoveries come which raised the district to the economic importance it enjoyed just before the war. They found Germany in greater need of iron than any other country and better able to supply the necessary coal. Lorraine received the coal needed to smelt Lorraine iron from the big coal deposits in Rhenish Westphalia. Transportation was easy and cheap by the Rhine, the Moselle, the Saar, and by the several artificial waterways. The same water routes carried the finished product into the interior of Germany. Cheap coal from Germany supplied not only Lorraine but also the iron furnaces of the two French departments, Meurthe-et-Moselle and

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Meuse. Roads of communication were built and extended with these two departments and Lorraine in mind. In this way did Germany deal with the economic opportunity that Bismarck gave her.

Before the war Germany was producing about 28,000,000 tons of iron ore a year. Of this, about 21,000,000 tons came from Lorraine. Germany also imported ore from her immediate neighbors and lately from Sweden as well.

Suppose she loses Lorraine at the end of the war. She will lose about three-fourths of her annual production of iron ore. How will the deficiency be supplied? Partly by a better use of the remaining resources in the Rhineland and elsewhere, but largely, very largely, by increased imports. Assume for the moment that Germany becomes unable to buy iron from a restored French Lorraine: the ore or metal will most likely have to come from Sweden, perhaps even from South America. Thus we should have Germany buying ore and iron, at competitive prices, in markets which have hitherto helped to relieve the shortage in other countries. England would feel the pressure of these German orders, and so would Belgium. Even the United States might be affected by this forced reorganization of the world's iron market.

Suppose further that France, regaining Alsace-Lorraine at the end of the war, either cannot get or will not take coal from Germany. Before the war France was just able to make the best economic use of her iron ore. She was producing about 40,000,000 tons of coal a year in normal times. To this will be added not more than 3,500,000 a year from the mines of Lorraine. How will she manage to handle the additional 21,000,000 tons of Lorraine iron?

By getting coal from England? Until the war came England and Germany were both supplying coal to the furnaces of northern France. England was supplying many places on the continent, but not Lorraine, not Meurthe-et-Moselle or Meuse. Coal experts in Europe speak of a competitive frontier for English coal. It will sell in competition with continental coal wherever it can be transported so cheaply that its price is not greater than that of continental coal on the same spot. This competitive coal frontier changes not only with the changes of price in England but also with the seasons. The closing of cheap waterways by ice will exclude English coal from certain markets where it sells in summer. Long hauls by rail check the expansion of English coal sales on the continent.

How can this coal, which before the war did not compete successfully with German coal in Lorraine, Meurthe-et-Moselle or Meuse, be brought to this region after the war at prices which will make the iron industry profitable? Only by lowering coal transportation costs, or by devising a system of shipping Lorraine iron ore, at low cost, northward to meet English coal so near home that its price is still low. No doubt such a system of transporting coal and ore can finally be evolved and made to work satisfactorily. How long would this take? At least ten years. At present the economist, studying the problem of iron in Lorraine and the two departments, must deal first with conditions as they are, not as they may be in the future.

Suppose we nevertheless look into the future, and assume that these difficulties have been overcome. There remains the fact that France would have to find a market for her iron outside her frontiers. What country could make use of the iron gained by smelting the 21,000,000 tons of ore thrown suddenly into the furnaces of France? Would England take this iron in exchange for her coal? Before the war the English iron industry was consuming every year about 23,000,000 tons of ore, of which nearly 16,000,000 tons were mined in England and approximately 7,000,000 were imported. Even if England were in future to take all her imported ore from France, France would still have on her hands a surplus of 14,000,000 tons, either to be smelted and used at home or exported.

Where could French iron ore go? To those countries which will lose part of their ore supplies when Germany outbuys them in their former markets? It is doubtful whether this is a satisfactory answer, for the simple reason that Lorraine iron may be either unsuitable for the particular purposes of this demand, or else, as is more likely, too expensive because of transportation cost.

The problem would not be much simpler if, as some people have proposed, only those parts of Alsace-Lorraine should be returned to France which are still on the French side of the language boundary. This boundary runs in a southeasterly direction from the north of Lorraine to Sarrebourg, the German Saarburg, and thence due south into Alsace. Thus it divides the northeastern iron deposits of Lorraine in such a way as to leave the more important of these deposits, around Hayingen, Gross-Moyeure, Rembach, Maizières, Ars, Ottingen, Ueckingen and others, on the French side of the boundary. The German objection to such a division would be that it deprived Germany of a large part of those iron resources which her industry has considered indispensable to its further development. France might have less misgiving, as just this German need of iron might force Germany to come to an understanding which would secure to France the advantages of the German coal supply.

However the problem arises, whether by a division of the two provinces along the language line, or by the recession of both to France, the obvious

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answer does not change. The only natural market where the Lorraine iron ore or the product of it can be disposed of cheaply and quickly will be Germany. In case she loses Lorraine, Germany also may soon realize the force of this truth and be willing to go to Lorraine for her iron ore. She may be willing to give in exchange the coal needed by France. A commercial arrangement providing for this exchange, giving Lorraine, Meurthe-et-Moselle and Meuse a market for their iron ore and Germany a market for her coal, must result from the transfer of Alsace-Lorraine from the German Empire to the French Republic. What other solution is possible, except the creation of an independent economic unit out of the two provinces?

L. W. S.

The Epic of the Black Man

THE Negro "singing orchestra" which furnished the music in connection with the Negro plays presented by Mrs. Hapgood at the Garden Theatre last spring served to remind the public of the remarkable fund of music which the colored race has given to America. The program was, in fact, an epitome of the Negro's musical genius. This revelation of his capacity for the most brilliant rhythmic vitality, the most lively musical humor, and the most intense emotional visualization, must have come as a surprise to most of the listeners. At least the program demonstrated how false is the superficial notion that the Negro's sole contribution to music has been rhythmic. As a matter of fact, the colored race during its sojourn on this continent has produced a well rounded folk-music worthy of comparison in range and quality to the best in Europe. This folk-music, interpreted with the aid of the modern social psychologist, becomes an eloquent record of the life of the black man in slavery.

The Negro lived for a century or more in a primitive state surrounded by a higher civilization. Being reminded every hour of the day of his inferior status he acquired a strong racial and communal feeling. And this communal feeling, this sense of a group solidarity pitted against obstacles, has always found expression in folk-art. The social group has its ambitions, its fears and its sorrows distinct from those of the individual. There is a group mind analogous to the individual mind, but distinct from it, which cherishes its peculiar deities, taboos and repressions. To the primitive European tribe the chief enemy to be fought or placated was Nature. The individual had his personal enemies and his individual problems, but the friendliness or hostility of Nature was something that concerned the whole group. So the English peasant, in a ritual inherited from Druidical times, pays homage to a tree on May-day to symbolize the fertilization of the earth by Nature, secretly hoping that the gods will take the hint and give him a good crop. Though the individual is rarely conscious of the meaning of his folk-lore, deep in the consciousness of the group there persists the desire which continually seeks an æsthetic satisfaction in the multiplication of rites and symbols. Thus folk-art, according to the modern interpretation, is a symbol of the racial will. And thus the folk-song is not merely a song sung by many, but a song created by the group-mind to express the group desire.

It is doubtless the friction between inner desire and outer repression that generates artistic creation, either in the individual or the folk. In the case of the primitive English or Russian peasant the repression came probably from the fear of displeasing the deities of Nature. But with the Negro the case was different. He had no concern with Nature. He was fed and housed in any weather, and was unmoved by the prospects of the cotton crop. His racial enemy was the white man and his racial desire freedom. However little personal enmity the individual slave may have felt for his master, however much he may have dreaded the responsibilities of freedom, the sub-conscious mind of the group longed to be rid of its chains. But the Negro's longing for freedom was precisely the one emotion to which he dared not give open expression, under pain of the lash. Here then, was set up the folk-repression. The Negro sought a channel for artistic solace, into which he could throw the symbolism of his racial longing. He found it in the religion brought to him by Protestant missionaries or taught him by his masters. Here he was free to dream his dreams and create his visions of future happiness, for no master could punish him for praising God. Thus he "found religion," and in religion he found no mood of his simple soul unnourished.

It is, then, not so hard to understand why the Negro's folk-song is, in its superficial form, so predominantly religious. The "spirituals" of the camp-meeting show a quite unecclesiastical variety of style and mood, a variety, in fact, co-extensive with the emotional range of simple peasant life. They include lively dances, bitter laments, pæans of joy and majestic, organ-like anthems. In the Bible stories which are retold in ballad form in some of the spirituals the Negro found expression for his buoyant, genial humor. Nearly all the familiar moods of folk-song, from the gayest to the most profoundly tragic, are to be found under the religious veil which permitted the slave to live

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his own varied emotional life without interference from his master.

The Negro has, in short, reproduced on our continent the whole creative process which brought forth the Russian, German and English folk-music. This communal process, in which the group absorbs and welds the spontaneous individual contributions, parallels that of conscious composition, but with two points of difference—that the creative contributions come from many individuals instead of from one, and that the process of criticism and selection is instinctive instead of deliberate. It is true that the Negro found his musical materials (scales, cadences, melodic formulæ and the like) supplied to him ready made in the missionaries' hymn tunes. But this civilized music did not satisfy, much less absorb, his musical creativeness. It merely permitted him to begin at a stage several centuries beyond the primitive genesis of music. From the hymn tunes he took the major scale and the elements of musical structure. But his instinct, his native African impulse, remained naïve and creative. He learned no melody which he did not alter and few which he did not improve. In that most communal of all rituals, the "shout," the gospel melodies were torn to bits by the Negro's religious emotionalism, and from it they emerged—not all, but many—re-created in rhythm, scale and feeling. The droning hymn-tunes had become rhythmic and vigorous. Their pale sentimentalism had become transformed in the mould of primitive scales and vitalized in the honest sensualism of the dance. Their Italianate melodies had been made to conform to the rhythmic genius of the English language with a fidelity that has not often been matched in the history of English composition.

Read as an interpretation of the Negro's racial soul, these songs form a sort of epic of the black race in subjection. Pictures of a life of patient servitude, apocalyptic visions of deliverance, croonings of anguish and riotous festivals of rejoicing—these are the fragments of a splendid composite picture of a racial epoch. In the heat of his desire for emotional solace the Negro seizes the most extravagant images from the Bible. Pictures of golden harps and fiery chariots recompense him for his days of hopeless drudgery in the cotton fields. One thinks of the fragmentary epic of Jewish deliverance in the Bible, with its psalms of lamentation and rejoicing, its songs of Moses and Deborah. From the Negro spirituals, no less than from the Jewish rhapsodies, we can piece together a stirring record of a race emerging from bondage.

An interpreter of folk-psychology like Jung might easily trace the imagery and symbolism of the spiritual to its source. But the evidence at hand is sufficient to suggest the outlines of the interpretation. Occasionally, even, the symbols rose above the border-line of consciousness. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson once told how a regiment of black soldiers in the Civil War sang a song with the refrain, "The Lord will call us home." And a darky drummer boy volunteered this explanation: "Dey tink de Lord mean for say de Yankees." Nor were those white men of Georgetown, S. C., wholly dense when they jailed a number of Negroes for singing a spiritual with the line, "We'll soon be free,"—though Colonel Higginson, ignorant of Jung, testifies that "the song had no reference to slavery." Veiled references to slavery are absent from scarcely one of the spirituals. The slaves must have been thinking sub-consciously of their social, not of their spiritual, estate when they sang, "Nobody knows the trouble I see," or "I don't want to stay here no longer." In anguish they crooned:

> "Bendin' knees a-achin',
> Body rack'd wid pain!
> I wish I was a child of God,
> I'd git home bimeby."

Yet there is defiance in this song:

> "You may bury me in the East,
> You may bury me in the West,
> But I'll hear the trumpet sound in that morning."

And there is heroic confidence, like that of an army marching to victory, in that most splendid of the spirituals:

> "Walk together, children,
> Don't you get a-weary,
> Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de promised land."

What are the words "home," "trumpet," and "camp-meeting" but sub-conscious symbols of that word which was to the slave the most precious and the most dangerous of all—"freedom?"

Yet when freedom was at last gained there were no more songs about it. There are few enough preserved from slavery days. The work of collecting was largely done by amateur, unscientific hands and along with the few masterpieces there is much trash. But after all only a few isolated regions have been drawn upon, and perhaps unskilled investigators have failed to glean the songs which were closest to the Negro soul. It is not too late, perhaps, for a research expedition in charge of a thoroughly equipped colored musician, such as Mr. J. Rosamond Johnson, to rescue the vanishing folk-lore of the black people, and especially the neglected secular song. Such an expedition offers a fine opportunity to some patron of music who wishes to have part in securing to America her richest native musical heritage.

HIRAM KELLY MODERWELL.

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Effective Social Research

AS a teacher in the University of London, I have been consulted from time to time by American postgraduate students in sociology and politics; and I have lately attended conferences of representatives of all the British universities on the organization of help to research students who may arrive after the war. The men who are likely to come to England for this work are also likely to see The New Republic, and I want to ask any one of your readers who intends to consult me, to study, on the voyage over, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's recently published book, The Town Labourer—1760-1852. If he will do so he will not only add much to his own knowledge of history and human nature, but will save me a good deal of trouble in explaining what I believe to be the most effective method and mental attitude for social research.

I can be more frank with my reader, now that he is still an anonymous hypothesis, than I have been with his concrete and friendly predecessors; and therefore I will say to him that I have sometimes found, in the method and attitude of my American postgraduate researchers, faults—reflecting in no way on their industry or devotion, and less serious perhaps than the contented ignorance and unconscious arrogance which American professors find in their British visitors—but still, I believe, serious. The first fault is an occasionally excessive trust in schemes of classification elaborated before the student has begun his enquiry. The idea that a piece of exact and narrowly specialized research following on the bachelor's degree is the best preparation for a life of intellectual production owes its prestige very largely to its success in certain physical sciences. A professor, e. g., of chemistry, has a definite problem in his mind and sketches the series of experiments necessary for its solution. The postgraduate student works through the series and publishes his results. So, some of my American visitors come with the heads and subheads of a social enquiry already fixed, before perhaps they, or indeed the professor who suggested the subject, have seen any of the material on this side with which they are to deal. I remember one gentleman who was going to enquire into, let me say falsely, "Patriotism among the British Working Classes." He told me that he proposed to set out, let me say, twenty-four reasons for, and twenty-four reasons against, working-class patriotism. On the other side of the Atlantic he had got together nineteen reasons for, and seventeen reasons against, and hoped to be able to fill up the rest of his schedule on this side.

The next fault, not so general, but still, I think, sometimes to be found, is a certain timidity of outlook. Social enquiry deals with very fiery stuff, and some students seem afraid of an explosion, detrimental to their own careers and even to the institution with which they are connected. A student, for instance, came to me who was enquiring into the history of the doctrine of, let me say, Utilitarianism. I suggested that in the course of his enquiry he might ask himself what was the actual truth behind that doctrine. He said, probably owing to a misunderstanding of something that his professor had told him, that that was the chief thing that he had been warned against on the other side, as likely to get his university into trouble.

The third and last fault which I will mention may seem at first sight to relate rather to style than to matter. There seems to exist in the minds of some American students a conception as to the proper style of their writing, consisting mainly of the negative precept that such writing must not be "popular." This rule of style consciously or unconsciously influences their choice of material and treatment. A student, for instance, consulted me as to the material available for a certain social enquiry. I advised him not to confine himself entirely to the reading of printed documents, most of which he could find in America, but to go down into an English industrial district and watch and listen to people engaged in the particular social function into which he was enquiring. What he so heard and saw would, I said, give a certain amount of vividness to his thesis. He answered that the one thing which his university would not stand was a popular style. I asked him for details, and he told me that by popular style he meant the style of Mr. William James, and (classifying small things with great) of my own books. Now if any one of these students had read The Town Labourer I could have said to him: This is a piece of research so important and masterly that it will be used in the universities of the world for generations to come. Both the authors had distinguished university careers. It was indeed of Mrs. Hammond that a less successful candidate of her year sang: "I've spent all my days with a crammer, and can hardly attain to a gamma. But that girl over there, with the flaming red hair, gets alpha plus easily, damn her." The book is based almost entirely upon extracts made, in a whole row of quarto note-books, from dusty piles of papers in the English Record Office. And yet it is so fresh and human and "popular" in style that the weariest lecturer or the busiest politician can read it with delight. And its scientific originality and truth seem somehow to spring out of its freshness and humanity.

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A main cause, I should argue, of the intellectual force of the book is that its authors adapted their methods to the character of their material. They were dealing with records of the sayings and actions of human beings, and not with chemicals in test-tubes. Now the observer of humanity suffers, as compared to the chemist, from the fact that he cannot turn the beings before him into pure elements of carbon and oxygen and so on without destroying them as human beings. They remain intolerably complex and confusing study-material. But on the other hand they, and even the written records of their sayings and doings, excite in the observer, because he also is a human being, a number of vivid instinctive reactions—pity, laughter, admiration, "interest," and the rest. The social researcher will, if he sits for eight hours turning over the dullest papers which give a really accurate account of human behavior, experience (unless he has inhibited in himself the qualities of kindness and humor) say, half a dozen unexpected emotional thrills. What should be the relation of those thrills to his work? If I were writing in A.D. 1980 I might answer by a reference to chapter eighteen of Professor Klootz's six big volumes on The Psychological Art of Thought. Writing in 1917 I can only urge that perhaps the natural and trained emotional sensitiveness of the social observer may prove to be a sort of sign-post in the difficult and uncertain process of social inference. In that relation between emotional sign-post and logical inference is contained the whole problem of thought about politics and religion and morality. Intellectual integrity remains as stark a duty as ever. A man who tells you that he is justified in believing the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England because he is thrilled by the Sermon on the Mount, or all the Tridentine Decrees because he is moved to tears by a Mass of Bach, remains a fool. It remains true that an enquirer must force himself to realize the significance of many uninviting facts. But the thrill and the tears point to something, and it is the business of the enquirer to find out what it is they point to. If, in turn, the enquirer can help his reader to thrill to the same stimulus, his book will act as a sign-post for the reader also, and such sign-posts distribute energy as well as direction.

And so, when peace comes, and my future student-friend sits in his deck chair, with no lifebelt on, reading The Town Labourer, let him form a picture of Mrs. Hammond turning over the Home Office papers, and let him observe the cool integrity and scrupulous fairness of her judgment in balancing evidence, and yet the way in which she lets her whole nature play upon her material, ready to find Hannah More ridiculous and Wilberforce sometimes unbearable, or to allow her fingers to twitch as she follows the activities of the clerical and mill-owning magistrates of Yorkshire and Lancashire a hundred years ago. He may find that he understands what happened then in England all the better because his eyes have swum a little as he read the ill spelt letters of the early martyrs of democracy, or his lips have smiled when he learnt that a body of other-worldly working men met in the year of Peterloo to "deplore the religious and moral state of the world, but especially of the Pagans, Mohammedans, and Jews." If so, let him imagine another Mrs. Hammond, holding her mind all day to a prepared schedule of questions, ticking off, perhaps, the percentage of Welsh and Irish names among persons prosecuted for industrial offenses from 1810 to 1820, and careful never to let either feeling or thought go beyond the established boundaries of academic thesis-writing.

GRAHAM WALLAS.

West with the People's Council

WHATEVER basis there is for criticism of the western trip of the People's Council, and its efforts to hold a convention in the Middle West that was to welcome pacifism, no one who traveled with the Council or attended its itinerant convention could doubt the genuineness of its purpose and the strength of its determination. When, as a correspondent, I boarded at Toledo the train which the Council had chartered, no delegate had an idea of the destination to which his quest would lead him. In spite of the warning of Governor Burnquist of Minnesota there was still a belief that the convention should be held in Minneapolis. Governor Frazier had invited the Council to North Dakota, but Fargo was thought to be hostile territory. At Toledo the delegates learned from the morning newspapers that in Hudson, Wisconsin—until then an alternative meeting-place—their advance agent had been threatened by a mob and driven from the city. Nevertheless, though the West was disclosing an unexpected intolerance and though only a few stragglers were coming to listen to the rear-platform speeches that had been scheduled, the delegates neither weakened in their determination nor displayed the scheming motives that were generally attributed to them. Except for its first phrase, there was little accuracy in the typical comment of the Chicago Herald that "the special train was the scene of an almost unbroken talkfest—sneers for the United States and England, and a strong undercurrent of feeling for Germany."

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The successive shifts in the choice of a meeting-place came as rapidly as shifts sometimes come in the international problems of a government. At Elkhart, on the way to Chicago, there came a telegraphic warning to turn the train around and head it back for Washington. The administrative committee, with a dozen members present, at once went into executive session. After it had deliberated for a half hour the train was sent onward, toward Chicago. Whereupon the delegates were invited to assemble, and Mr. Jacob Panken read to them the telegram which the committee had sent in reply to its warning—declaring that there could be no turning back at this time. He " hoped that the committee's action would meet the approval of the delegates," he said. Inasmuch as the train was then proceeding toward Chicago at top speed his hope prevailed. But there was in the method something very like the action of an autocratic government, plunging first, and afterwards hoping to meet the approval of the country. In fact, democratic control of decision by a popular referendum received more than one slight on the westward trip of the People's Council. In the Fort Dearborn Hotel, in Chicago, a meeting of the delegates was called, in the words of its chairman, " to pass the time " until the administrative committee, off in a room upstairs, had finished its deliberations. Around the corner from the Fort Dearborn stands the Auditorium, where, a little more than a year ago, another set of delegates was working hard to pass the time while Mr. Perkins and Mr. Smoot and Mr. Crane were upstairs, codifying information. It was the opportunity of the People's Council to exhibit the possibilities of a responsible negotiating body that could act quickly. But although it had responsibility it could neither negotiate nor act quickly.

Had the program of the People's Council been as flexible as its plans for a meeting-place, its convention might now be achieving more substantial results. All the members of the party were agreed that to attempt a persecution of liberal thought was simply to pour oil on the flames. But not many of them had turned the thought around, and suspected that to attempt a persecution of the war was also to pour oil upon the flames. In the Middle West there was certainly no determined effort by the Council to do away with the impression that it was vigorously anti-war—and to substitute the impression that, with war here, it was now concerned with throwing its support behind any developments that would keep war policy clarified and liberal. Such a substitution would not have narrowed the field of the Council's activity, or imperiled the integrity of its ideals. Instead it would perhaps have hastened the achievement of every object which the delegates sought, including that of an early peace.

Adaptability of the sort necessary to make such a shift was, however, scarcely possible in the case of the People's Council. The platform which its delegates went west to construct was as definite when they left New York as when they finally landed, no less determined, for a temporary respite in Chicago. From the outset there was less possibility of revision than there is in the average Democratic or Republican platform, where at the last moment such a factor as a third-party threat can force a new section in among the tariff, good-roads, and high cost of living planks. For the convention of the People's Council owed a definite responsibility. Its " Call to Action " proposed nine sections of a program—and then declared that " any organization . . . endorsing the principle of the Council shall be entitled to representation " in the convention. Elaboration and clarification were possible; but to shift radically from any principal plank, such as opposition to conscription, would have been to play false to support which had been won by the guaranty of an anti-conscription issue. In no other way, perhaps, could the People's Council have been organized by an extension of promises in advance; but the result could not have failed to be a convention as restricted imaginatively as the convention which was held in Washington, last winter, by the National Security League.

It was much the same problem that called these two conventions into session. A program not receiving sufficient public attention had to be converted, somehow, into the accepted majority position. Purposes differed, but the problem did not. Neither, to any great extent, did the manner in which it was attacked. In the bulletin of the Security League convention there appeared an invitation to participate in what was to be a public forum—the floor being " open to all those who believe in the principle of universal military training." The People's Council, with its pledges made beforehand, could offer no more inviting an opportunity to the dissenter. The Security League's convention included many of those leaders who, last November, were touring the country to declare that the President deserved no credit for keeping us out of a war into which we could not possibly have been projected, and who are to-day touring the country to declare that they knew all along that the German nation had definite plans for an invasion of America. Opposition they attributed to lethargy. Their most available argument was to point to the wealth of a small portion of the American people and denounce contentment with mere luxuries. The position of the People's Council was not very dissimilar. Opposition they attributed to reactionary influences. No real liberal was in the war. Its only domestic accomplishment was a sup-

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pression of liberties. "About all that is left in democracy is the 'mock,'" declared Mr. Winter Russell to the two old men and the telegraph operator who met our train in Elkhart. If the Security League misunderstood its opposition so, it seems, did the People's Council.

For the delegates who went to Chicago were convinced that the smallness of the crowds which greeted them, the indifference of even these scattered groups, and the absence of any effort by the people of Minneapolis, Hudson, or Chicago to condemn the intolerance of their respective governors, was all due to the efficiency with which personal liberty was being suppressed by the newspapers, the ruling class and the established government. They did not admit the existence of a popular disapproval of their opposition program—even such a popular disapproval as had developed from war psychology and the united activities of a press, a ruling class and an established government. "The People's Council of America," declared its bulletin, "lines up squarely with Kerensky and the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies." In its insistence upon a liberal peace that was true; but the council in America was not ready to line up so squarely with Kerensky in his enthusiasm for a war that could be fought to win such a peace. Here was the center of strategy for the People's Council. In their inability, and perhaps unwillingness to shift to it—to stress war purposes rather than war opposition—the western trip of the delegates could serve only as the symbol of a struggle, against a suppression at times ridiculous, for the free expression of opinion. Despite the petering off of its convention the organization of the Council is still intact, and by consultation with its constituents a reconstructed program may be possible. But until there is supplied a policy politically feasible, the People's Council, like the National Security League, must seem unable to attract a majority public opinion to its program.

CHARLES MERZ.

Trivia

To-day

I WOKE this morning out of dreams into what we call Reality, into the daylight, the furniture of my familiar bedroom—in fact into the well-known, often-discussed, but, to my mind, as yet unexplained Universe.

Then I, who came out of Eternity and seem to be on my way thither, got up and spent the day as I usually spend it. I read, I pottered, I talked, and took exercise; and I sat punctually down to eat the cooked meals that appeared at stated intervals.

L. PEARSALL SMITH.

VERSE

Sic Semper

Now let the old kings lift
Their faces, keen in the wind;
We have set their pinnace adrift
Laden with men that sinned
Where the sea is gray, and the weeds are long, and the tide is swift.

Let them lift their arms to a sky
That is hard and grey like the sea;
Having doomed many to die,
Knowing death, and white death's decree,
Let them lift their voices to hopeless clouds in a dolorous cry.

We have had enough of kings
And of fools that stutter and creep,
Of courts and of courtly things,
While the bodies of men are cheap
And the noses of men are fitted, like those of their swine, with rings.

Wet blood is on their hands
That were black with blood before;
They have fouled us with their commands;
They have drilled us, a demon corps,
They have sullied the earth with lusts and seared men's souls with brands.

Their eyes to the under-dark!
Salt drink to their cynic's lips!
Let them rot in state and stark
In the sunken holds of ships,
Let the heavy waters fold like lead about them and leave no mark.

And not for the kings alone
Is our fury loosed like hail;
Let the devil look to his own
In the day of the flashing flail
Or we strike the invisible kings whose hearts are of gold and stone.

We shall drive forth with goads
The money changers of earth;
Over the broken roads
They have trampled on from their birth
They shall plod with burdens who held their hands from the bearing of loads.

We asked but a rood to tend,
We asked them but bread to eat,
Commerce of friend with friend,
Brief leisure, and little sweet;
They were drunken, and had no mercy; we take what is ours in the end.

In the days when all light kings fly
As the Russian chaff has flown
These, too, will cringe and cry
By a broken altar-stone;
For the storm has risen; the night of tyrants is seen in the thickening sky.

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Word from France

[Note: The following letter, from a member of the American Ambulance in France, was forwarded to us by its recipient.—The Editors.]

I WAS much interested in one of the articles in The New Republic—The Night Train from Amiens. The writer has gained the same impression that I have. This is that there is going to be a tremendous revolution after this war, and that a better and a saner form of government will emerge than has yet been demonstrated. It will be nearest to Socialism. The common people through mingling with one another, with their allies, in the trenches, have discovered that they are as good as the next fellow. They will not be so easily exploited as they have been in the past. They realize that they have made and saved what they have now, and they should have a share in it. They have had the value of coöperation or better coöperative organization, strongly emphasized—nothing but that has stopped the Boche. They have seen the increased efficiency due to government ownership and control. I think they will be slow to let things swing back to their former status.

One reason why I wish to see representative delegates from all the Allied nations attend the conference at Stockholm is to give the German people a chance to express themselves. As it is we are unapproachable to the people as a whole. They have no means by which they could express a will if they had one. I think that if the pacifist element in Germany felt that there was a chance of finishing the war on a program which would not be too severe on the German people, it would strengthen them immeasurably in Germany and would probably force a change of government.

What are the main points holding us apart? First we are unwilling to deal with the militarist party, responsible for all this, now in power. Secondly there is much territory now controlled by the Central Empires upon which rests the dispute as to its final status.

Take the question of the militarist party. As long as we continue to wage war against Germany and allow the pacifist party no chance to express itself, we are practically holding the militarist party in power, because the others feel that as long as they are forced to wage war the militarists are the logical men to carry it out.

As for the question of territorial readjustment. The people as a whole are so sick of war, that I feel certain that the German people would not continue to fight just to hold Poland or Bosnia and Herzegovina under Prussian or Austrian rule. I know how the Poilu feels in that respect. Much as they desire to regain Alsace-Lorraine, I am certain they would not remain another winter in the trenches if that were the only question involved.

Perhaps I'm wrong. Perhaps the German people may not have sense enough to see how they're being duped. Perhaps the bayonet and the grenade alone will teach them. But I say: Give them a chance to express themselves. If, having the chance, they are able to make nothing out of it, the war must go ahead until they do see, or are exhausted. I don't want you to think that I'm weakening. I am speaking from the viewpoint of the French who have borne this hell for three long years. You can't understand it over there; you never will be able to—and, I tell you, no reasonable man could watch an attack as I did one night; could handle these torn up pieces of humanity, and not wish to stop it, if we can do so and still gain our ends. But if our ends cannot be gained by other means than war, they must be gained by war, even if we must duplicate in the years to come all the sacrifices made in the three years that are past.

LONGSHAW K. PORRITT.

Somewhere in France.

Another Group of Vigilantes

SIR: In his letter headed One Group of Vigilantes, in your issue of August 25th, Padraic Colum barks up the wrong tree. The organization of writers called "The Vigilantes" is not that referred to in the newspaper article he quotes. Someone, in giving the newspaper reporters an idea of the style of organization desired to reduce the seditious quality of certain street speakers, used the word "vigilantes" and thus the error arose. "The Vigilantes" (the organization of writers) is a body of writers conducting their own newspaper syndicate and has so far confined itself to writing and distributing those writings. It is loyal in purpose and therefore obnoxious to disloyal agitators.

If Mr. Colum is a "sojourner" here and "on the fence" he should be more careful to make sure of his facts before attacking any Americans, whether intellectuals or unintellectuals, lest he be thought one of that group of pro-German Irish who are, to my mind, entirely anti-American at this moment. I have never heard of Mr. Padraic Colum complaining because Irish intellectuals united with the Sinn Fein, as they had a perfect right to do unless they did so to stir up sedition. That "intellectuals" should not combine to assist the nation of their birth, or for any reason, is a quaint, poetic fancy, but I have not heard that the members of The Vigilantes set up to be "intellectuals." We are writers. Our government is at war. We have established a mailing bureau to send out to the newspapers what we write, appointed a managing editor to suggest topics, and we confine ourselves to patriotic propaganda according to our lights.

I feel in my bones that if The Vigilantes happened to be a combination of "intellectuals" created to write for a free Ireland, or to spread insidious pro-German propaganda in America, you would not have had a peep from Mr. Colum.

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

Flushing, New York.

Restoration by Armies

SIR: As a poet in vision and an amateur in politics, therefore unaware doubtless of practical difficulties, I have long thought that a salutary peace might best be accompanied and secured by restoration direct rather than indirect, actual rather than virtual.

Lost life seems beyond repair, except as we repair ourselves. But since damaged property, urban or agricultural, can be more or less repaired, why should not the repairing be done by the very agents that have done the damage? Taxes for indemnities are a vague sort of reparation. But if armies which have pulled down should in the same places build up again under the strict supervision of those upon whom they have trespassed, would not human beings, guilty of obedience to militarism, be brought to a quicker realization of its fatuity and to a more thorough desire to liberate themselves from its oppression?

WITTER BYNNER.

New York City.

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After the Play

ON the one occasion that I ever went trolling I got a magnificent bite. The fish must have been a big one, it drew the line so savagely. All the time I was pulling it in, with instructions pattering meaninglessly around me, I felt exultation over the living strenuousness that resisted me. My line seemed appallingly thin. My heart trembled along the length of it for fear it should snap. Soon the actual weight of the fish was coming out of the water, all I needed was one last yank. Then something happened. Either he jerked his head or slid sidewise or curled a lean satiric lip. At any rate the weight abruptly left the fish-line and I drew aboard a final yard of lax uneventful string. I never fished again.

At Mr. Henning Berger's play, The Deluge, I was reminded of my piscatorial experience, only on this occasion The Deluge was the fisherman and I was the fish. At the beginning the play baited and hooked me. For all the first act, struggle as I would, it drew relentlessly. There was a power in it that seemed invincible power. Then, at the crux, after the completed conquest, I mildly and easily disengaged myself from The Deluge, and sunk amiably away. The thing that hooked had no dramatic clinch in it. The hand that played the line had no final tact. There was a barb in the idea but not in its management. There was an arrest but a failure to get a conviction.

You have only to think of the Johnstown flood, the Titanic disaster, the Messina earthquake, or any other climax provided by a jocular Providence to understand the kind of incident that Mr. Berger selects for dramatization. What he calls The Deluge is an actual engulfing flood of water that swallows up a Mississippi town, and the thing he gives us is the envelopment in this sudden peril of one casual human group. There is no panorama of torn-up trees, happy children in floating apple-barrels, drowned dogs and shivering grandmothers retrieved by the Red Cross. The kaleidoscope of a Sunday newspaper deluge is not covered by Mr. Berger. There is only one setting in his play, a high-class basement saloon that looks like an office-building saloon, and the deluge is only heard in the incessant thunder and rain outside, and only beheld in its effect on the handful of men and the solitary woman who are marooned in the steel-shuttered basement. Yet without panorama or kaleidoscope, without any effort at extensive reporting, the play does succeed in its supreme attempt to bring catastrophe on the stage. If that were all that was required of a drama, the sensational environment, Mr. Berger might be recorded as hugely successful. With very slight resort to violence, depending almost altogether on the appeal made to the spectator's imagination by the words and gestures of the haplessly encircled, and the paralyzed ticker and the dumb telephone and the blind electric light, he creates that merciless tension which is as much a requisite for tragedy as a taut string for music. There is no failure on Mr. Berger's part to transmit the horror, the fear, the hallucination and the ecstasy of disaster. But having invoked the deluge, it remained for the dramatist to give significance to his characters in relation to it—significance not simply in the degree that the deluge did things to them but also as they did things, or failed to do things, to the deluge. Here it appeared to me that Mr. Berger had singularly little to say. If he had been writing for the Smart Set he could not have been more content with a reverse-sentimental formula.

This is another way of asserting that the main thing to interest Mr. Berger in his drama was the intensity that an exterior agent could create for him, not the human material for which the intensity was created. A saloon was, indeed, an admirable corner in which to see a hold-up by Death. To make the average man stand and deliver his soul against the squalid background of secure self-indulgence showed a real perception of the fitness of things. But what kept one from going all the way with Mr. Berger was the discovery that his irony did not reach far behind this sort of bitter picturesqueness. When one scrutinized his people through the great baleful glare that magnified them, one saw a puppet saloon-keeper, servile and sentimental; a simple facile bar-tender; a trio of business men who rang the changes on grouchy failure, harried successfulness and shyster eloquence; two subservient wastrels, flotsam and jetsam; and a soulful prostitute. Experience sanctions the psychology of the play, the swift transition from the snarling self-absorption and brutal independence of their supposedly normal condition in an American business community to a sweetness and brotherliness in the face of death. But just as Mr. Berger was somewhat mechanical and crass in emphasizing the normal brutality of human conditions, so he was mechanical in representing his characters' change of heart. They flopped into beatitude rather informally, in spite of numerous amusing differentiations. And of course, when the tension was relieved, they entirely simply flopped out.

One of the worst impertinences in criticism is to suggest a "better" way in which a play could have been written. Although Shakespeare did doll up some dowdy old plays, plainly indicating the finer possibilities of impertinence, the average dramatist rightly resents the Shakespearean daydreams of his critic. Still, stooping to impertinence for a moment, the chief need of The Deluge appears to one observer to be the development, the completion of some genuine situation by reason of the occurrence of the deluge. And by a genuine situation I do not mean anything like that which leads to the temporary reconcilement of the frantic business man with the girl he had once made love to. It may be the author's idea that it is crushingly candid to expose this sort of flimsiness, this easy coronation and dethronement of love. But there is nothing in the play as it stands that contrasts the goodness which is a mere herd lucubration in disaster with the goodness that has its source in personality. There is nothing to distinguish illusive brotherhood from the real thing. Without the existence of some condition or situation which the deluge so precipitates as to bring out these contrasts, the characters cannot be sufficiently dynamic; the absence of any such situation reduces the dramatist to flat character-sketching, clever of its kind but by no means serious or deep.

The emotional insignificance of The Deluge might seem less pronounced if Mr. Henry E. Dixey were not cast as the fantastic Irish lawyer. Mr. Dixey in a serious rôle is like a cork submarine. But considering the admirable performance of Mr. Robert McWade as the rough-neck and Miss Pauline Lord as the girl, the dramatist is not entitled to much rebate on account of his actors. What there is in the play, with the exception of Mr. Dixey, they handsomely get out of it. What they don't get out of it isn't securely there. There is a promise, at the commencement, of a quite marvelous excavation of human natures. The net result is almost a squib. The astringency of the dramatist's tone is healthy. He is pungent and direct. But the vigor implied by his manner is only present in the realization of the impending flood.

F. H.

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A Wanderer in Italy

By the Ionian Sea, notes of a ramble in southern Italy, by George Gissing. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

ONE might begin by saying of this book that its fame is secured by its style. It is written in a clean and natural prose, it is pitched in a key that taxes neither author nor reader, it is steady, straightforward and subdued, yet alive with feeling and at times deeply eloquent. But no one except the conscientious bookworm wants to read a book because it has enduring style. Style is an abstraction which it is pleasant to dwell upon in retrospect, it is empty of individuality to start with. And individuality, unforced but pervasive, is strong in this narrative of a ramble in Italy.

Leaving aside for a moment the good art that formed this narrative, the author's aptitude for Italy is perhaps the first clue to his performance. George Gissing made no pretense of loving the active modern world in which he had struggled so hard for survival. Proud and sensitive, fastidious and self-conscious, he had drained the treasure of his earlier years to supply bare current necessities, and he had a grudge against the iron age in which he had been planted and warped. It was not the experience of hardship that had warped him, however, so much as the frustration of his own peculiarly marked temperament. As he said of himself more than once, he was a scholar by nature—a man with an insatiate appetite for learning and a delicate gift for turning scholarly attainment to uses honorable and humane. How large his gift for applying pure scholarship might have been, it is idle to speculate. He had never had even a glimpse of the opportunities, the money for college and the college life and the eager clanship of good teachers with the ascendant scholar, that would have enabled him to fulfil his destiny. At the time when he should have been deep in protected study he was trying to support himself by writing in London—trying quite stupidly, no doubt, like a man offering unseasoned hardwood where yellow pine would do better. Those harsh years did not destroy him but they handicapped him—improving his character, if you like, but in the extravagant spirit that might require a Whistler to make his drawings in Coney Island sand. He suffered unusually and unnecessarily, and it was only his exceptional tenacity that kept him going long enough to turn his gift to such real account as in this reprinted volume, By the Ionian Sea.

There is pathos in the completeness with which the ancient world lured George Gissing. It is true that time is a sculptor whose masterpieces may best be judged outside the workshop, but for Gissing there were no modern masterpieces, nothing but broken stone and bitter dust. He flew to the past partly to escape the rough present, but much more definitely to find the perfect order for which he yearned. And it needed a very slight memento of days gone by to move and enchant his spirit.

It was to Italy that Gissing turned to realize his lustrous vision. "The southern sunlight cannot fade from my imagination," he said toward the end of his life, in his veiled autobiography, "and to dream of its glow upon the ruins of old times wakes in one the voiceless desire which once was anguish. In his Italienische Reise, Goethe tells that at one moment of his life the desire for Italy became to him a scarce endurable suffering; at length he could not bear to hear or to read of things Italian, even the sight of a Latin book so tortured him that he turned away from it; and the day arrived when, in spite of every obstacle, he yielded to the sickness of longing, and in secret stole away southward. When first I read that passage, it represented exactly the state of my own mind; to think of Italy was to feel myself goaded by a longing which, at times, made me literally ill; I, too, had put aside my Latin books, simply because I could not endure the torment of imagination they caused me. And I had so little hope (nay, for years no shadow of reasonable hopes) that I should ever be able to appease my desire. I taught myself to read Italian; that was something. I worked (half-heartedly) at a colloquial phrase-book. But my sickness only grew towards despair.

"Then came into my hands a sum of money (such a poor little sum) for a book I had written. It was early autumn. I chanced to hear some one speak of Naples—and only death would have held me back."

The ardor, almost stridency, of this emotion does not appear in the sober narrative that the present reprint recalls. Here Italy is attained, steadily and thoroughly, and Gissing is equable. From the sight of Vesuvius to the sight of Etna he rambles, immediately occupied with all the commonplace of travel—the food, the means of getting from place to place, the cost of things, the weather—and only occasionally adverting to the fountain of his happiness. The flood of his emotion is, however, simply held in check. It wells in him again and again at the hint of a ruin or a memorial or a cadence in the ear or a touch in the landscape. "I found it best to linger on the sea-wall, looking at the two islands in the offing, and over the great gulf with its mountain shore stretching beyond sight. On the rocks below stood fishermen hauling in a great net, whilst a boy splashed the water to drive the fish back until they were safely enveloped in the last meshes; admirable figures, consummate in graceful strength, their bare legs and arms the tone of terra cotta. What slight clothing they wore became them perfectly, as is always the case with a costume well adapted to the natural life of its wearers. Their slow, patient effort speaks of immemorial usage, and is in harmony with time itself. These fishermen are the primitives of Taranto; who shall say for how many centuries they have hauled their nets upon the rock? When Plato visited the Schools of Taras, he saw the same brown-legged figures, in much the same garb, gathering their sea-harvest. When Hannibal, beset by the Romans, drew his ships across the peninsula and so escaped from the inner sea, fishermen of Tarentum went forth as ever, seeking their daily food. A thousand years passed, and the fury of the Saracens, when it had laid the city low, spared some humble Tarentine and the net by which he lived. To-day the fisher-folk form a colony apart; they speak a dialect which retains many Greek words unknown to the rest of the population. I could not gaze at them long enough; their lithe limbs, their attitudes at work or in repose, their wild, black hair, perpetually reminded me of shapes pictured on a classic vase." Here, in this casual passage, Gissing shows the burnished mirrors by which, serenely and authentically, he reflects the multiple past. The allusions are not novel, by any means. The schoolma'am from Pratt Corners, Me., has also heard of Plato and Hannibal. But at Paola, at Cosenza, at Cotrone, at Catanzaro, at the refuge of Cassiodorus, Gissing is equally enriched. All he has acquired of the past is alive and pliant. He sees, and sees through.

This does not mean that Gissing is a sort of altar-boy to antiquity, genuflecting and beating his breast at every broken-nosed monument. The warp of his narrative is an unforced and amusing chronicle of his personal adven-

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tures, and the woof an unpretentious intimacy with the past. He has the good taste to presume no great classical knowledge on the part of his reader. He translates his Latin as often as not, and the only instance of a rather lumpy and ill-digested section is the informative chapter on Cassiodorus, plainly the utilization of a bit of material worked up in advance. The visualized Italy is not too much with him, but it is always present, and his feelings about it are active. The imprisoning poverty of southern Italy is acutely realized, and he has his say about the brutal misgovernment of the Italian people. Take the *dazio,* the wringing "of wretched soldi from toilsome hands"—there is something of the whole history of yeoman England in his indignation at this harassing levy. "The whole *dazio* business is ludicrous and contemptible; I scarce know a baser spectacle than that of uniformed officials groping in the poor little bundles of starved peasant women, mauling a handful of onions, or prodding with long irons a cartload of straw. Did any one ever compare the expenses with the results?" The concluding sentence is even more English than the outburst of feeling.

Ready as was Gissing to admit his feelings, he never berated the southern Italian with what he himself calls "tourist vulgarity," and one may well end a report of this beautiful book with his *amende* to the Italian of to-day. "All the faults of the Italian people are whelmed in forgiveness as soon as their music sounds under the Italian sky. One remembers all they have suffered, all they have achieved in spite of wrong. Brute races have flung themselves, one after another, upon this sweet and glorious land; conquest and slavery, from age to age, have been the people's lot. Tread where one will, the soil has been drenched with blood. An immemorial woe sounds even through the lilting notes of Italian gaiety. . . . Moved by these voices singing over the dust of Croton, I asked pardon for all my foolish irritation, my impertinent fault-finding. Why had I come hither, if it was not that I loved land and people? And had I not richly known the recompense of my love?

"Legitimately enough one may condemn the rulers of Italy, those who take upon themselves to shape her political life, and recklessly load her with burdens insupportable. But among the simple on Italian soil a wandering stranger has no right to nurse national superiorities, to indulge a contemptuous impatience. It is the touch of tourist vulgarity. Listen to a Calabrian peasant singing as he follows his oxen along the furrow, or as he shakes the branches of his olive tree. That wailing voice amid the ancient silence, that long lament solacing ill-rewarded toil, comes from the heart of Italy herself, and wakes the memory of mankind."

To claim greatness for Gissing on account of this volume would be to exaggerate its values. Very few books are great books, even among those that are ambered in style. But By the Ionian Sea is the kind of book which every one who loves the real thing may accept and enjoy. To know Italy, judging by my own experience of the book, is not necessary, although the man who knows Italy will of course appreciate through his knowledge of it the subtler idiosyncrasies of the author. It is necessary to come to the book free of any suspicion that its scholarship is tedious or its personality insistent or its enthusiasm remote. It is one of those precious human expressions which, whatever the subject, enrich life and its durable memories. Gissing was an unhappy man in his earlier years, baulked and exacerbated, but in these quietly distinguished pages there is a self-possession which is reassuring. This ramble took place when he had the security of his legacy. It has not the strained tone of his novels or their underlying resentment of the acrid and the rancid incidence of poverty. It is a book frankly possessed of the ancient world, of the eternal beauty of nature, of the scarcely less enduring attainment of man. But for all its devotedness and circumspection it has the generous quality that makes literature, the honest communication of human spirit.

F. H.

Uneducated Americans

Negro Education: A Study of the Private and Higher Schools for Colored People in the United States. Prepared by the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education, in coöperation with the Phelps-Stokes Fund under the direction of Thomas Jesse Jones, Specialist in the Education of Racial Groups, Bureau of Education. Washington: Government Printing Office.

FOR a half century the Negro school in the Southland has had an appeal to which the North has responded more generously than even most givers in this field are aware. First, emancipation stirred Northerners with a missionary zeal, but those who went South fifty years ago to devote their lives to teaching the Negro are mostly dead now and with them has died the appeal to which they responded. Then came the message of Dr. Booker T. Washington, inspired in its delivery and fitting in with the practical spirit of the times. He, too, has gone and his inspiration now is second-hand at best. In such circumstances, probably the last place an American would look for a quickening of the pulse would be a government report; yet it is to just such a document that the cause of Negro education in the South looks to retain its remarkable hold upon the interest of the nation.

Just about the time the war started in Europe, Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, specialist in the education of racial groups, undertook for the United States Bureau of Education in coöperation with the Phelps-Stokes Fund, of New York, an intensive survey of the private facilities and public secondary schools for the education of colored people. Naturally, his field lay almost entirely in the South, and inasmuch as public lack of interest and private enterprise have had pretty much their own way for half a century, his task proved to be huge. After three years spent in collecting information at first hand and setting it forth with his conclusions, his report is now complete at a time when the rights of small peoples, the production of food, and the mobilization of democracy against autocracy are the breath of life in two hemispheres.

And these are the main factors in the Negro problem, too. A race of 10,000,000 persons within a nation of 100,000,000 have rights no less than Serbia or Belgium. The South, more than three-fourths rural, is by no means feeding itself, let alone producing a surplus for the Allies, and the colored people make up one-third of the South's population and are the backbone of her labor supply. Unorganized migration, resulting in a dislocation of production in the South and an East St. Louis in the North, shows one way not to mobilize democracy. Throughout the 1,200 pages of the Jones report the call is not to the charity of humanitarians but to democracy quickened in all its activities by the war. To the American, the basic means and end to democracy is education in its broadest sense. A section of the country which is content to starve 8,500,000 of its 30,000,000 people educationally on one-fourth their

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just quota of the school fund, finds itself being starved in turn through emigration of its raw labor and import of living necessities at war prices. The responsibility lies directly with the southern whites who get their proportion of the school fund on the basis of total population—white and black—in their respective counties and then apportion it between the two races as they see fit. The result is that in counties with populations more than 75 per cent colored, $22.22 is the average per capita outlay in teachers' salaries for the white children of school age, as against $1.78 for the colored. It quite naturally follows that the colored school term averages less than six months a year and that more than half of the 30,000 Negro teachers provided for some 2,000,000 children have had as preparation for their work less education than is demanded of New York school boys before working papers will be issued to them. The nature and quality of the teaching in the colored schools may be surmised. In public provision for secondary education Dr. Jones shows that most of the money comes from federal appropriations for the land-grant schools and that the state authorities whose duty it is to supervise these schools are generally indifferent to questions of adaptation of curriculum to the pupils' needs, as well as to teaching standards.

To meet at least in part the public deficit in appropriations and interest there has grown up a group of private institutions maintained in large part by northern philanthropy and in the balance by the sacrifices of the Negroes themselves. Dr. Jones found 625 of these schools, representing an investment in plant and endowment of nearly $30,000,000 and an annual outlay for current expenses of more than $3,000,000. Of this amount the North supplies about $1,000,000 directly from individuals and roughly $1,500,000 through the churches; the Negroes make up the rest in the support of their 153 denominational schools and further give a considerable sum to lengthen the terms of the public schools, besides paying their full quota of the taxes. Of the total of 625 institutions, Dr. Jones rates 266 as essential parts of the educational system; but he discusses them all in detail. It is, however, his conclusions that are of general interest and that visualize for the first time in the half century of emancipation what has been done and what ought now to be done in the education of the Negro.

Dr. Jones recognizes the basic importance of the practical in all education irrespective of race, but he is no stickler for any one policy; his basic contention is that the southern Negro needs, as every human being needs, an education that will fit him to meet the economic, religious, and civic responsibilities of the modern democracy. Anything that really imparts this discipline and character-building is good; for in a people numbering ten millions there is room for every kind of education that will produce the advertised results. Holding this position, he finds many tendencies in the private schools to criticize. For instance, the pioneer institutions were created to teach literary and cultural subjects, vocational training not then being a phrase to conjure with; but the hard-headed New England missionary teachers added a good measure of gumption which filled the bill admirably. In this the second generation, however, fewer men and women have gone down from the North with the result that the vacancies are being filled by colored teachers who, lacking the background of a New England training, have emphasized Latin and Greek and have failed to season it with gumption.

Again, the Hampton idea and Dr. Washington's message of the dignity of labor intelligently and conscientiously done have produced some notable successes in agricultural and industrial institutions; but many of their imitators have been imitators in title only, shrewdly capitalizing the Hampton idea in naming their schools but in practice keeping close to the printed page and the classics as the true emancipators of the race.

Dr. Jones would inject into the whole situation an enthusiastic advocacy of gardening as an A-B-C for every colored child, whatever his ambitions are. Thoroughly and intelligently taught, it is invaluable for those who will remain on the farms (eighty per cent of the southern Negroes are classed as rural); it will prove a source of supplemental income for those who become business or professional men in small towns; and it is at least a good character-builder for those who ultimately will land in some urban occupation. The beauty of gardening is that it is a fundamental study, needs no expensive equipment and but little land, and can be taught intelligently even by a rural school teacher with the minimum of training. With gardening would go a general but still simple training in painting and repairing things around the home, whether it be on the farm or in the home; in short, New England gumption again. It is not the mission of every school for Negroes to teach a number of highly specialized trades as part of a general education; leave that to such institutions as Hampton and Tuskegee which have the faculty, plant, and student body to do the work thoroughly.

Here immediately arises the fact that some schools must sacrifice their personal pretensions and ambitions for the good of the whole educational system. The report points out that, after all, the public schools should be responsible for at least the lower grades of education in a democracy,

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and that the mission of the private schools is to do everything in their power to stimulate the growth of the public schools through coöperation and example. The task is a large one but it will be accomplished successfully in time if the North will continue its generous support, concentrating henceforth on the schools which are proving their worth.

Although Dr. Jones gives as much detailed consideration to the colleges for Negroes as he does to the primary and secondary schools, the problems in the collegiate field are caused in large measure by the same forces at work in the lower grades, and Dr. Jones approaches them in the same temperate and discriminating spirit. With the single exception of Howard University, which gets the major share of its income from federal sources, the colleges for Negroes in the South are provided by private philanthropy. A system which recognizes as far as practicable the need for geographical distribution is outlined for the pruning of this college and the forcing of that into a well balanced whole for the adequate provision of higher education for the race.

In suggesting his program for the further development of Negro education, Dr. Jones places justifiable confidence in a growing spirit of fair play and an increasing broad-mindedness on the part of the South. The Negro problem is a problem of the democracy and it cannot be solved without the coöperation of the South, the Negro and the North, inspired with "an abiding faith in one another."

W. H. B., 3RD.

An Informal Scientist

The Life of the Grasshopper, by J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

IN one of those vivid autobiographical chapters of his works from which, taken together with his many personal digressions, one can piece together almost the whole story of his life, Fabre has drawn a picture of the awakening of the spirit of observation in a small boy on an upland farm in the south of France:

"There I stand, one day, a pensive urchin, with my hands behind my back and my face turned to the sun. The dazzling splendor fascinates me. I am the moth, attracted by the light of the lamp. With what am I enjoying the glorious radiance; with my mouth or my eyes? That is the question put by my budding scientific curiosity. . . . I open my mouth wide and close my eyes; the glory disappears. I open my eyes and shut my mouth; the glory reappears. I repeat the performance with the same result. The question is solved; I have learned by deduction that I see the sun with my eyes."

This method, the deductive and observational method, is the one that Fabre always pursued. The child that could not take even the sun for granted and soon began "to go to the flower, to the insect, even as the Large White Butterfly goes to the cabbage or the Red Admiral to the thistle," became the boy who mused over seed vessels and wing cases under stealthy cover of his book; the determined primary teacher who won a university degree and a higher teaching position by a fierce unaided struggle with the principles of mathematics and physics; and at last the self-taught naturalist who could accept nothing save on the evidence of his own eyes.

The life-history of an insect, as Fabre is always telling us, is built up of trifles gathered with much time and patience; to-day this detail, tomorrow a second, suggesting new points of view, till gradually the tiny snowball rolls into a mountain of fact. It was not possible for Fabre, as it is for his English translator, who has just published a seventh volume of essays gathered from the Souvenirs Entomologiques, to group all his studies of the spider in one volume, of bees in another, of grasshoppers in another; such studies occupied a long period of years—forty years it was in the case of the scarab. The ten volumes of the Souvenirs Entomologiques appeared one at a time, and each volume contained the fruit of several years' observations of a number of different insects. As, further, Fabre's literary method is that of the racy fireside story teller who often speaks of insects and animals as peasants do—in human terms—the Souvenirs are among the most informal works that genuine science has produced.

The Life of the Grasshopper, which "exhausts the number of the orthopterous and homoptorus insects" discussed by Fabre, is, as its translator admits, a somewhat loose title for the studies of the Cicada and Empusa, the Locust, the Cricket, and so on, here collected. But the lay reader, who indeed thinks of all these summer chirpers as "grasshoppers," will not quarrel with him. How the Foamy Cicadella blows her sheltering veil of froth; how the Cigale makes her sharp music; how the Mantis, who looks the nun and is the ogress of the peaceful entomological tribes, devours her lovers; how the White-faced Decticus makes her marriage vows—all this one reads with the same sort of interest which absorbed one in Walter Scott before the age of thirteen. And yet the book has a great deal—more than some of the other volumes—of exact technical and structural description. Fabre cannot be dry even when he is technical. Take for instance the description of the "frightfulness" of the Praying Mantis, who with her "slender figure, her elegant bust, her pale green coloring, her lacy gauze wings," has considerable feminine beauty before she goes a-hunting:

"At the sight of the Gray Locust who has heedlessly approached along the trellis work . . . the Mantis gives a convulsive shiver and suddenly adopts a terrifying posture. An electric shock would not produce a more rapid effect. . . . You see before you most unexpectedly a sort of bogey-man or Jack-in-the-Box. The wing covers open and are turned back on either side, slantingly; the wings spread to their full extent and stand erect like parallel sails, or like a huge heraldic crest towering over the back; the tip of the abdomen curls upwards like a crozier, rises and falls, relaxing with short jerks and a sort of sough, a whoof! whoof! like that of the turkey cock spreading his tail. . . . Planted defiantly on its four hind legs, the insect holds its long bust almost upright. The murderous legs, originally folded and pressed together upon the chest, open wide, forming a cross with the body and revealing the arm-pits decorated with rows of beads and a black spot with a white dot in the centre. . . . Motionless in her strange posture the Mantis watches the Locust with her eyes fixed in his direction and her head turning as on a pivot whenever the other changes his place. . . . Under the shiny head of the Decticus, behind the long face of the Locust, who can tell what passes? No sign of excitement betrays itself to our eyes on those impassive masks. Nevertheless, he sees standing before him a spectre, with uplifted claws, ready to fall upon him. He who excels in leaping and could so easily hop out of reach of those talons, he, the big-thighed jumper, remains stupidly where he is or even draws nearer with leisurely step."

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In this book, as always, Fabre's interest centers in instinct; but here as elsewhere, in spite of the accumulation of accurately determined data, he makes no contribution to the solution of the problem of the essential nature of instinct. What would he have thought of such an abnormal creature as Dr. Loeb's fatherless frog? It is a long road from his white-washed work-room with its rustic accumulation of old pots and pans, to the immaculate laboratories of the Rockefeller Institute. One loves Fabre for his inveterate aversion to the intricate panoply of modern scientific research, but one sees him as the last of his race.

E. S. S.

A Child in Arcadia

Understood Betsy, by Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.30.

IT touches two springs of quick and glad response, this little story of the education of a child—the probably universal desire to have the children grow up healthy and self-reliant, and the fortunately not so general wish to escape into Arcadia. Dorothy Canfield pipes of austere, upright, and warm-hearted New England, of old frame houses on fine Georgian lines, of little red school-houses, of horses and oxen and dogs, of apples and maple sugar, of self-sufficing village democracies, possessing the difficult and beautiful land. It is our American Arcadia and we go back always with self-confidence and pride. The worst of cities for children is personified in Aunt Frances, a pretty, faded woman, *entre deux ages,* who loves the orphan Betsy with a worrying, fussy and most explanatory love. Her determination to understand the child thoroughly makes Betsy self-conscious, thin and neurotic. Then Betsy, aged nine, is transferred to the care of brusque Cousin Ann, who lives with her healthy, happy old parents on the ancestral farm in Vermont. Here the love, though rarely and then most movingly expressed, is just as great, but the attentiveness almost none at all. Betsy becomes rosy and happy and very self-reliant indeed. Dorothy Canfield is always extraordinarily likable, even if she has grown troublingly wistful, and doubtful about cities. But her Arcadian Vermont is perhaps too idyllic to be serviceable. Milking, tapping maple trees, plowing by day, and reading Emerson and Walter Scott at night, cheerfully and harmoniously, make a good enough dream, but then that might give the city life so many people cannot help, too odious a realism. Her wistfulness for pioneer conditions saps a necessary confidence in cities in a way her Montessori mother did not. But is it, after all, a book for children? Would it not be, itself, just a little bit of an Aunt Frances?

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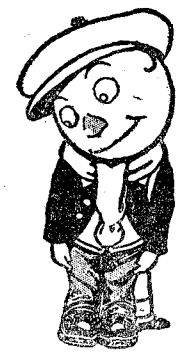

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